

From the Portsmouth Journal.
THE ART OF TORMENTING.
Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

Mr. Bonon.—The art of ingeniously tormenting is of old and honorable date. Poor Job had pretty good reason on his side for declaring with so much pathos, that "man that is born of woman is of a few days and full of trouble";—and the placid Socrates set the world an example of patient virtue, which, it is to be feared, has not had the effect of diminishing the number of Zantippos. Not indeed, that the art of tormenting is confined to "heaven's last, best gift to man"; for it is infinite in manner and degree: and like any other agreeable art, it has to it many bungling and miserable pretenders, who are only quacks in the benevolent profession of making their neighbours feel a disagreeable as possible.

Now the Turks are very good tormentors, and our native Indians are no dabblers at the trade.—General Putnam when he fell into the hands of the savages, who each of them tried to come nearest his eye, without hitting, with their arrows, had no indifferent company, to be sure; and there was Tantalus in the olden time, too, who was plunged to the chin, in one of Pluto's ice-creams, and after all, doomed to *everlasting* hunger and thirst to boot. That I call vengeance, with a vengeance! a vengeance as great as the most repulsive heathen god, be he Jupiter, or be he Mars, could require. And then there is that amiable personage, Sir Mungo Malagrowther, (in Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*) who must be acknowledged a skilful man in his way;—that is, he was an admirable tormentor. He improved every hour of his life in tormenting others for their good; he pointed out a vulture upon their misfortunes, set their disappointments in array before them, and contrived with the worthy faithfulness of friendship to admonish them of errors that could not be remedied, and of hopes that could not be fulfilled.—Fortunately for such good tempered people there are an hundred, every day incidents which afford opportunities of *operating* on the nerves, and the sensibilities of those, who by special good luck, happen to be around them. No adept will therefore fail of making the happiest time and the place when, where, and how, the poor victim like the oyster set forth in the book of the "cooks oracle" is to be *tickled to death*. If you, Mr. Editor, are desirous of being initiated into this system of *cooking up* one of your friends who has just recovered from a severe illness, there can be nothing more natural or proper in the world than for you to say to him the first day he crawls out,

"Heavens and ears! are you alive? I thought the Doctor had given you over, and that your will was made!"

"I have been very sick."

"Very sick"—psaw! why man, I heard last week you were once dead—terly gone—food for worms, Percy—a pinch of your snuff—if you please—well! I'm glad you a'nt dead—good-bye, good-bye, don't catch a cold. There is no telling what a fever will come to."

If one other of your friends has suffered heavy pecuniary losses, the surest way of making salutary impressions on his mind is, to importune him with your affectionate regards; and cramp him "against the stomach of his sense, with your pathetic commiserations on the unfortunate occasion. It will make him feel how good and thoughtful a friend he has, to remind him of misfortunes, which he would fain forget.

"Ah! I'm sorry for you my dear fellow—upon my so—what's th' clock?—just 12 is it? yes, I was just about to say I'm sorry for you on my soul. But I always thought you went a little too fast—haste makes waste, as poor Richard says. St. Peter is well at home. But as a friend I couldnt think of interfering you know—hope you'll clear the jail; no prospect of a bankrupt law tho'—the very small debt you owe—won't pester you just when convenient. I'll sell at 50 per cent—just when convenient, many a little makes a mickle as poor Richard says—good morning to you!"

And then to follow up the art of tormenting you will inform the next body of acquaintance of a choice *tit bit* of news, just come into your keeping; very secret, very interesting and very important, and very interesting. Is it war? No! Fire? No! Any body dead? No! Any body born? No! Tame? (whistling)

"There was a man of small estate."

Then you will in the wisest manner in the world put the fore-finger of your right hand on the left side of your chin, and walk off—leaving the company no less wise than before.

Speaking of tormentors—they are not confined to "men, nor women neither." There is the burn-babe, the bed bug, and the fierce mosquito—(methinks I feel him now) to say nothing of insects of frogs, with their concord of sweet sounds—the lowings of cows—the affectionate salutations of cats—and the squalls of children—*me marron!* Gentle reader! were you ever shut up in a room with two or three lively hornets—somewhat hurtful!

Yet the means of annoyance possessed by the *Ameone* species, are far more efficacious. The sting is sharper. There is no harking nor buzzing—only a *swoop* and a *blow*; bite and hold fast. If you know a worthy member of your acquaintance who is a little over fond of his own understanding, and rather tenacious of his own opinion, in preference to that of other people—always make a point of opposing him. Confront him, right or wrong—but contradict him, it makes him feel so good natured! At table it's to be a particular hit or dash a favorite of some one who unfortunately (we all have our tastes such as they are) is seated at the other end of the table—appropriate the same to yourself or your neighbor, and pass the empty dish to the other end of the table by way of compliment. If the newspaper is brought in—say—read it and hold it fast! read all the advertisements over and over again, and declare upon your word there is nothing in the thing worth reading, and wonder printers are such kids—so master'd others are anxious to see the paper—your civility teaches patience, and it to me.

If you are riding in a chaise through a very narrow road, be sure to drive uncommonly slow, and by the time you get out of the road you will find your self honoured by a cavalcade of perhaps a dozen carriages, who like a wounded snake drag their "slow length along"—the occupants of them have been detained only an hour or two on their journey, which will teach them patience, and how to practice the happy art of tormenting.

But a large assembly of company in a ball room present, perhaps, the best of opportunities to put into operation the *procurerum* propensities. Hah! Miss—H hatanee—beg pardon—quite forget you—dress alters one you know; sometimes for better, as the ministers say, sometimes for worse. Upon my honour! who's that sparkler there, red head, one eye up and one eye down, and tail as a flag staff and so forth? Oh, your sister is it? You don't dance to night!—no partner—hah! Bating in brandy and peppermint is good for a sprained ankle—I've heard. Begot extremely that you can't dance; it must be troublesome to refuse so many invitations! I will take care that nobody shall patter you so again—hope you will be better to-morrow. You may next take one of your hands out of your pocket, and by aid of your opera glass, discover one of your acquaintances at the distance of three feet; gaze steadfastly in his face five minutes; you will survey him from head to foot as Achilles did the person of Hector—

"Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body shall I destroy him? whether there, there or there?"

But turning suddenly on your heel you will permit a sly smile to be just visible at the corner of your mouth. It is the easiest way, and is infinitely cuter. When you go home abuse a servant, (ask your slave to keep them up all night—it makes them pay their debt) and if you have a dog, whip him

for the good of the neighbourhood—or burn him—or a cat will do nearly as well: and then go to bed, and you certainly will be favored with dreams of surpassing bliss.

JAQUES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It appears to me that a recent publication, styled "Salvation by Christ," written by the late John Scott, of Rhode Island, and published in Philadelphia, within the present year, contains the doctrine of the *only true* and effectual regeneration of man into the divine harmony and spirit of the great Founder of our religion. In this little book is clearly exemplified, in such language as awfully to impress the mind, and to carry conviction thereto, of the unquestionable certainty of the truths contained in the Holy Scriptures. How dreadfully dark and formal, then, do those systems appear, which were reared in the dark ages of apostacy and deviation from the true principle. In part from the misconception of the testimonies contained in the Scriptures; but principally calculated to lead to power and aggrandizement in the Church, the selfish spirit of man, which has usurped an authority in the various modifications of what is called the Christian Church, which appear generally to have partaken of, and continued in the systems of religion, a greater or less mixture of the absurdities introduced by wicked, mercenary priests, in the dark ages of superstition. Even in a society which had, in its early appearance, advocates that stood forth for correct doctrines, and dared to preach, practice, and write the truth with boldness, so far as their understandings were enlightened, or their duty discovered, and to defend their principles with firmness and constancy, even to the laying down their lives, some of the professed followers of these disciples of Christ, have so far retrograded, and joined themselves to the superstitions of the religious world, as to become "not only unable to endure sound doctrine," but to oppose, with a high hand, some of the important doctrines of their early and worthy predecessors, and appear desirous of closing up the avenues of further light in others. To this opposing spirit must be attributed the exertions of some in the present day, to counteract the good effects of the work above alluded to, and to bring it into disrepute. One (whose length of years, and I would suppose, religious experience, might have taught him better,) who has, in all probability, never seen the original work of Job Scott, will boldly undertake to say, that he has had it long in his possession, and declare that which is published to be from a mutilated copy. The same person, or perhaps another, will state as a fact, that the author himself (J. Scott) disapproved of the work, and expressed his mind to that effect before his death.—Some will pretend to be offended, because it has been published without consulting themselves, who wish to be considered the sole judges of doctrines. From these considerations, I think it expedient explicitly to state, that Job Scott never did submit the work in question to the decision of any tribunal in this part of the United States; and, therefore, no (now existing) or supposed tribunal, has any concern with or controul over it—that the original never has been, as above stated, in the keeping of any citizen of the United States; and, therefore, no (now existing) or supposed tribunal, has himself seen the last signature of this worthy man, (which was but two or three days before his exit,) to a letter which contained the fullst assurance and confidence in the truths contained in this pamphlet, as coming from a fountain not to be fathomed by the superficial believer; and in which was expressed his entire and full conviction of the eternal, unchangeable truth of the principle and doctrines therein declared to the world.

That the whole charge against the writings alluded to, recently made by those, (as I mentioned before, whose religious experience ought to have taught them better,) is an *assertion* against the character of that great and good man, Job Scott, and entirely without foundation, as I am able clearly to demonstrate.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

TO CHRISTIANS IN THE U. STATES.

The Colonization Society appeals to you, as the disciples of the most humane, benevolent, and philanthropic master. It invites you to remember, on the day consecrated to a thankful recollection of our national independence and the high privileges of our political existence, those whose freedom is but a name, and whose degradation in this country must be perpetual. It calls upon Christian friends to contribute, according to their ability, to the execution a plan which will raise the fallen, illuminate the ignorant, and plant the seeds of knowledge and virtue on a shore, where injustice and superstition have long and cruelly oppressed our race.

It invites you to aid in a work of mercy to human nature, both in this country and in Africa—to remove obstacles which obstruct the march of freedom—to annihilate the traffic in human blood; and to lift up the cross, the sign of immortality and salvation, before the barbarians of a mighty continent. It would influence you not only by motives of duty and charity, but also by those of policy and interest. Consider the condition and prospects of our country. The rapid increase of our coloured population portends misery if not ruin. We cherish within the midst of us the elements of destruction. Let us then, by a magnanimous effort, maintain and strengthen our African Colony—a Colony which God has protected—a Colony which will afford to those who may be transferred to it, invaluable blessings; and, while it contributes essentially to our national felicity, will prove us benevolent—provident. Two hundred and forty emigrants were, by the most recent accounts, in health at Monrovia. They rejoice in their situation, and invite their brethren to become members of their society. It is with you, Christians, to decide whether this settlement shall live and prosper. The funds of the Colonization Society are exhausted. It, therefore, in the name of humanity and religion, implores your assistance. Several ecclesiastical bodies have, much to their honour, requested their Churches to contribute in aid of the Colonization Society on the Fourth of July. Ministers of Jesus! we ask you in the name of millions, in this land and in Africa, to lend your aid.

From the Middlesex Gazette.

"I knew by the smoke, &c." Moon.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curst, above Haddam Rocks, that the Steam Boat was near.

And I said, if her wheels are thus constantly whirr'd,

So swiftly around, she soon will be here.

It was morn, and the ladies were gather'd around,

Discoursing of fashions, and faults of their friends;

And I thought, that a dozen at least might be found,

Disposed to condemn, where there's one that de-

fends.

And here on this dust-cover'd wharf, I exclaim'd,

How delightful to choose me a partner for life;

One, whom destruction has never yet blast'd

A modest, domestic, affectionate wife.

With her how transporting to live and to die,

Contented and happy we'd be, the 'a lone;

And when never'd from all our acquaintances, try,

To attend to no other affairs—but our own.

LINKS FIDELIUS.

European Intelligence.

Publicans—Brewers—Beer. The following particulars are collected from official Excise Office Returns, just furnished by order of the House of Commons.

Number of Licensed Victuallers in England and Wales 48,639; proportion of the above who brew their own beer 22.32. Number of brewers in England and Wales, exclusive of London, 1,591; do. in London, 136; do. in Scotland 263. Barrels of Strong Beer brewed in England and Wales, in the year ending April 5, 1823, 4,142,649, do. in Scotland, 123,223; portion of the above brewed in London, 1,829,940. Barrels of Strong Beer exported, 71,828; portion of the above exported from London, 56,490; do. from Liverpool, 11,863. Small Beer brewed in Great Britain, 1,290,275. The quantity of Strong Beer brewed in England in a year would float all the navy in commission. The account only refers, of course, to beer brewed by common brewers.

Ball in Ireland.—A very splendid ball and supper was lately given by the Nelson Club, at Belfast. The most striking feature in the account of the business in the *Belfast paper* is the following description of the dress of the Marchioness of Londonderry. This dress exceeded in magnificence anything of the kind ever seen, and almost baffles description. It consisted of a diamond baird, surmounted by a brilliant diamond tiara; the necklace and ear-rings were emeralds and diamonds; the waist was encircled by a diamond cestus over a gown, which was magnificently looped in numerous parts with unrivaled coloured stones. The front of the gown was formed in the shape of an apron, and was crossed alternately with rows of topazes, pink and yellow turquoises, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, and diamonds, until they reached the waist, when they were met by a brilliant diamond stomacher. Her Ladyship wore about 80,000/- worth of diamonds.

School Societies.—On the 10th of May, the Annual Meeting of the British and foreign School Societies was held in London—2000 persons were present, the Duke of Sussex in the Chair. The Annual Report stated, that the committee had proceeded in multiplying the central schools, and that auxiliary societies had been instituted in the chief manufacturing towns. The labors of the committee were not limited to any strict, persuasion, or religion, but purposed to extend education through the world to all nations and religions. Their general plan was, however, to give a bible education.

SAILOR'S PETITION.

The following is a literal and genuine copy of an irresistibly humorous petition which came last Friday, under the consideration of the Lords of the Treasury, by whom it was remitted to the Commissioners of Stamps, with a favorable recommendation:

"To the most noble Lords and Gentlemen of his Majesty's Court and to the Commissioners of Stamps. A petition from C—P—(woman) a prisoner in County Gaol, Devon, commanded by Mr. Cole, Esq.

"Most Noble Gentlemen: You will please to excuse your poor petitioner, in taking the liberty of sending you this petition; but he is informed by the gentleman magistrate, Mr. Lockyear, Esq. who committed him, that it is to your Lordships he must apply to be let out of prison, and let your Lordships know for what he was put in there. My most noble gentlemen, your petitioner is by trade a sailor, and has served his Majesty, in a man-of-war, sixteen years, and lost his larboard arm in fighting for him, on board his Majesty's ship Victory. Your petitioner has been very ill of a fever, and is as thin as a rope yarn, and cannot work as a sailor for want of his larboard arm, and not being willing to leave to, commenced to sell little books at Plymouth, where your petitioner lives, but not about my master, the King, or any of your Lordships. Your petitioner had not long been at this work, when he was boarded by a land-shark, who is a constable at Plymouth, and flogged before Mr. Lockyear, Esq. who inquired in the business, and told your petitioner he must either pay a fine or go to gaol for 5 months; pay I could not, and to gaol I was brought; where I am laid up in lavender, like Paddy Ward's pig, for three months; unless your Lordships will please to give orders to the contrary, which, please God, I hope you will, and I will praise your Lordships all the days of my life. Signed C—P—. Executed High Gaol, April 3, 1824."

ENGLISH ELECTORING.

In independent Elector.—At the Huntingdon election, on Friday, a man came forward, and, saying, as he said, a free and independent burgess, declared his intention of speaking for two hours—

"Gentlemen of the Court," said he "I come to vote for Mr. Wells, Esq. (the popular candidate) is my brother George here!—(Loud cries of order, order)—I won't be ordered by nobody. I am a free and independent burgess. What's become of

the £613 16s. 8d. that was got when the last burgesses were made? Is my brother George here? I mean to speak for two hours because I am a free and independent burgess.

Mr. George Maule came to me and asked me for my vote—he gave me five shillings in half-pence, because I was a free and independent burgess—but he ran from his colors—he wouldn't stick by him. God bless Mr. Wells—he's a gentleman—if he hadn't been for him, I should ha' got two quarts of ale, and sent about my business.

Answer another question—tell me that—I stand up for my country, and for my brother, and for my mother. They never give my mother a farthing. When Mr. Wells goes by my mother's house he always says, how do you do, Mrs. Gorde? Would any of those fools do that? Is my brother George here? I am an independent man—I'm a gentleman—getting my living by hard work. Why did Mr. Maule want to buy my vote? I'm for liberty and all that.—I'm a free born burgess. God bless Mr. Wells, Esquire.—He always speaks to my mother.

Good Fortune for England.—The whole of the present Lords of the Admiralty are Scotchmen. The English could never get on without us.—*Glaz. Herd.*

Jacke Horse.—An English paper announces the death of the highly celebrated hunter *Jacke Horse*, the property of Capt. William Healey.—The performances of this horse, as an hunter, have been very extraordinary. He has been known to leap thirty-five five-barred gates in one day, with his owner; and in the grand steeple chase, near Newcastle, he leapt the great Burn of nine yards deep water, and won the match gallantly, which was for 200 sovereigns. On the banks were stationed men with ropes, for the preservation of the daring rider, Capt. Wm. Healey, who accomplished this unequalled task in the presence of thousands.

Michigan.—The new territorial government of Michigan was completely organized on the 7th of June last, when the first legislative council was convened, and the session opened by an address from Gov. Cass.

Major Gen. Scott.—Commanding the Western Military District, has arrived at Washington.

The new novel from the pen of the author of *Waverley* is entitled "Redgauntlet; a tale of the 18th century."

The title of Lord Byron, descends to Capt. Byron, well known for his escape in the Revenue d'artillerie, from the squadron under Capt. B. during the late war.

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Well Executed Counterfeits.—The bills of the Agricultural Bank at Pittsfield, Mass., are in circulation. They may be detected by the omission in the spurious bill of the date over the word "Agricultural."

Capt. Barclay.—Capt. Barclay, who commanded the British fleet on Lake Erie in the late war with America, has died. Capt. Barclay, the celebrated teacher, arrived at Carcasas on the 29th ultimo.

William Pechon.—Capt. William Pechon, formerly Editor of the *Baltimore American*, has published *The History of the Colonies of North America*, a new edition, by which he made a fortune.

ARRIVAL OF C. B. COOPER.—Capt. C. B. Cooper, the 2

and who was captured by Commodore Perry after a most desperate battle, was appointed to the command of the ships ordered to bombard Algiers.

Lottery—The twentieth and last drawing of the New-York State Lottery took place on Thursday last at Baltimore, when the following brilliant prizes were distributed, viz.—\$100,000 to No. 1,631; \$20,000 to No. 1695; \$10,000 to No. 1533; \$10,000 to No. 1453; \$3000 to 2188—
the whole of these were disposed of at the office of Messrs. CONN, in shares—except the \$10,000 No. 1453, which was sold at WALTER's office two months ago, and transmitted to the eastward in a whole ticket.

David and Robert Shields have been tried at Louisville, (Ky.) for the murder of McCormick. Contrary to all expectation they were pronounced "not guilty"!—The trial occupied nine days. The Louisville Eagle, speaking of this result, says, "our respect for the great palladium of personal liberty, (the trial by jury) induces us to forbearment. Such, however, is the strength of public feeling in Bourbon, that on Friday night last, the jurors were buried in effigy, and the Rogue's Alibi beat over the grave."

Yellow Fever—A strong case, in proof that the Yellow Fever is contagious, is given in the London papers, in the case of the British vessel of war, the Europa. She went from Sierra Leone with 107 Europeans, in apparent good health, and before her arrival at the island of Ascension, where she was lost 13, and afterwards 20, by the yellow fever—and 99 were seized with it. She found island in health, and there had been no death two years. Soon after she arrived the Yellow Fever broke out, and of 20 men in one fort, 16, besides 4 women and 5 children.

menos Ayres—Newspapers to the 5th of May, letters from Montevideo to the 6th both inclusive, have been received in New-York. An English brig had arrived at Montevideo, which had sailed at far south at lat. 74, 10, where she found an open sea and dissolved water, land supposed to be near. In consequence of the lateness of the season, the vessel was obliged to return.

Jamaica—Jamaica papers to the 9th instant, have been received at the port. A young man of colour had been sentenced to prison for two months, on a charge of having cried out to the actors on the stage of the theatre, during the performance, "Play the downfall of Jamaica." The reason was not very clear. The young man contented himself with great propriety in Court, and was gashed into his eyes on receiving sentence.

Chester, (Penn.) Post Boy, of June 23, says an occurrence took place last Friday evening, in the house of Mr. William Sanders, two or three miles from this borough. A son of Mr. Sanders had returned from gunning, and was in the act of entering the house with the gun resting on his shoulder, when he was shot in the breast of a lad of the name of Dick, who was standing near the door. The unfortunate youth, it is said, survived the accident a few minutes.

The Bell-fonte, (Penn.) Patriot, of June 21, states the melancholy death of a woman of the name of Eaton, at Chestnut creek settlement, in Clearfield county. Her son had been engaged in cutting timber, and several trees were lodged. In attempting to disengage them, one fell upon his son, who was gathering some sticks a short distance from where he was, and killed her instantly. It is said that her head was dashed to pieces. No blame whatever can in any degree attach to the young man, but his feelings may be imagined. A scene followed which beggars description.

are grieved to learn (says the National Intelligencer,) by Letters from Arkansas, that the Joseph Nelden, a Judge of the United States Court for that Territory, was killed in a duel on the bank of the Mississippi, on the 26th ult. His wife and one child are already on their way to Virginia, where Judge Nelden was born, and married. This gentleman was a distinguished officer of the Army during the late and previous to his leaving the Army for pursuits of civil life, had reached the brevet of Lieutenant Colonel. He has left a number of connections and friends to mourn his untimely end.

the ship Hannibal, captain Low, of Boston, had sailed from Hampton Roads on the 12th ult., with a cargo of flour, bound to Liverpool, struck with lightning on the 23d of the same month, at 44, long 40, and burned to the water's edge. Three men were killed, one was scalded with smoke soon after, and a passenger, Mr. John Taylor, died the next day, in consequence of bruises. After struggling thirty-six hours ineffectually to extinguish the fire, the vessel was abandoned, and the captain, with the remainder of the crew (14 in number), took to the boat, and after being over 36 hours, were picked up by the brig Theodis, Capt. Thayer, from Funchal to Whitehaven, and arrived safe. She is a fine coppered ship, 315 tons, and was fully laden in Boston.

50 persons, one calling himself Robert Clark, the other William Clow, have been put in jail at Cambridge, Md. on a charge of passing counterfeit money. Sixteen \$10 notes on the Bank of Philadelphia, four \$10 notes on the Bank of Boston, Pa. and one \$2 note, all counterfeit, were found upon them. They say they reside in Philadelphia. One had a sorrel mare, about 5 years old, long tail, and has the appearance of the other a brown horse, about 8 years old, trots, and canter.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.—We are gratified to learn, from the Gettysburg Register, that another and more extensive building will be erected, as soon as possible, to supply the place of the one recently destroyed by the fire. It is hoped and confidently expected, that the liberality of the public will be equal to prevent all inconvenience from the disaster, except the necessary delay in furnishing suitable accommodations to additional stu-

dent. Bear lately crowded the public road in Bennington, Vt. and was quickly pursued by a party of men and boys, accompanied with a dog, finding his retreat cut off, ascended a tree about 30 feet, where the darkness concealed him. One of the hunters, Dr. Leonard, a neighbouring tree, and after giving three doses of "blue pills" brought him to ground. He weighed 550 pounds.

Several detachments of Musquitos have recently arrived in town, and are quartered upon us. They seem to be lively and active, and are entirely free from party spirit, that is equally attentive to the friends and opponents of all the Presidential candidates; and any one laying down at night without a pavilion, may be sure of receiving some feeling evidence of their regard, without the trouble of election.

ARRIVAL OF COMMODORE PORTER.—On the 20th inst. arrived at the Navy Yard, in New-York, the United States Galliot Sea Gull, Capt. Vonhees, in 8 days from Matanzas, on board Commodore David Porter, Commandant of the West India Station, and his family, Dr. and Mrs. French, and several other officers.

Battle with Pirates.—Captain Cotton, of the schooner Theodis, arrived at New York, from Manzanilla, about south of Cuba, states that on the 9th of May, while lying in the harbour, the Supercargo received intelligence that three canoes intended to cut the schooner out that night. Measures were immediately taken, to put the Theodis in a state of defense; the big guns were loaded, and the muskets got ready and all hands put in fighting order. At 8 P. M. the supercargo came on board with four soldiers which the commandant of the port lent for the occasion. Thus prepared, a good lookout was kept, and at half past 11, three canoes were perceived coming from the keys opposite the port, with oars muffled. As they approached, 12 men were counted in each boat. As the pirates came up they were hailed, but they were as silent as death. A pistol was now discharged in the air, when the pirate crews discharged a volley of musketry. The battle was now begun. The defendants of the Theodis opened a brisk fire, which the pirates returned as briskly, and this lasted for fifteen minutes—when the great guns, well charged with round and grape shot, was opened upon them and they quickly made their way to the shore. On the following morning three of the pirates were found dead on the beach, and during the day, five others were taken dreadfully wounded, one almost cut in two with a single grape shot. On the 12th, one of the canoes was found in one of the keys almost torn to pieces, with four dead pirates in her, all of whom were recognised as inhabitants of Manzanilla.

ALGIERS.

Trifling events it is said have been the cause of war, and the present expensive blockade of Algiers, and warlike preparations result, as report goes, from the Dey's having refused to permit the English Consul to hoist his flag in town, as well as at his country house.

In all the other Barbary States, the Consuls are permitted to hoist their respective flags on their houses, which, while it adds to the appearance of the city, is a proper national signal, and at the same time it protects all who seek refuge under it; but in Algiers, it seems that no flag but the Musulman flag is allowed to be displayed; and as all the Consuls have country houses within a few miles of the town, their flags are only permitted to be hoisted there. The Barbary States are governed entirely by common law, or immemorial custom and usage—they have no statutes except those contained in the Koran, and while foreign agents should firmly resist every attempt to encroach upon their personal and political rights, justice and propriety require that they should submit to the well known customs of the country without a murmur. The present Dey is represented to be a "stubborn, determined sort of a fellow—though somewhat pusillanimous, as he declined to receive Captain Spencer of the British navy with his side-arms, when an interview was solicited." The captain, on the part, being equally obstinate, was under the necessity of returning without seeing his Highness, as he would not appear out of his proper uniform. His Highness keeps himself closely immured in his palace, which is fortified with three tier of cannon; and what is singular, is, that he has not stirred out of it since his accession to the government in 1817."

L'Universal Advocate.

Evening Post.
PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, July 3, 1824.

On the 4th day of July, 1776, forty-eight years ago, Delegates from the thirteen American Colonies, assembled in Congress in Philadelphia, and, in due form, solemnly renounced all allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain, and declared their intention of maintaining their rights, as free, sovereign, and independent states. The consequences of this declaration are fully known, and happily illustrated in all that concerns us as good citizens and friends to the mutual rights of man. After an arduous and bloody war, Great Britain acknowledged this as an independent nation, and restored our Country to the benefits of Peace. For the 48th time, the auspicious event, our National Jubilee, is to be commemorated. The spirit of '76 is awake in the bosoms of freemen, and the liveliest exuberances of gratitude are manifested for the blessings we enjoy. May those great privileges be preserved to us inviolate to the end of time, and never may we forget to acknowledge to whose gracious providence we are indebted for them. The military will attend public worship in most of our Churches to-morrow, and on Monday we may expect a fine parade by the two regiments of Volunteers. It is supposed that Collections will be taken very generally to-morrow, among the Presbyterian and Episcopal Congregations throughout the United States, favourable to the promotion of the plans of the African Colonization Society, which is esteemed, by the reflecting part of the community, as an institution holding out a remedy against a host of troubles which might possibly overtake us at some future period.

"Long as you sun shall mark the bounds of time, Or yonder west shall fling its bolts sublime, Oft as you field in summer green is dress'd, Or yonder lake unlocks its crystal breast; So oft on this our country'snatal day, Let Christians kneel and free-will homage pay; Let patriots round their country's altar stand, Their vows renew, their public views expand; The bold achievements of their sires dilate, Their praises sing, their virtues emulate."

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Notice is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislature, at the ensuing session, for an act of incorporation, to be entitled, THE BACHELOR'S BANK,

with a capital of \$250,000, with privilege to increase it to \$500,000. This Bank will loan money to single ladies and widows on notes to run twelve months, (upon the Scotch plan,) to enable them to commence business in the dry goods, millinery, mantua and dress-maquettes, &c. To encourage matrimony, 25 per cent. of the profits of the bank will be annually and equally divided among Bachelors who shall marry maiden ladies that have reached thirty years; and 25 per cent. to be divided among widowers who shall unite themselves to widows.

N. B.—Wanted, six good looking Bachelors to go to Albany, to convince the members of the Legislature that this Bank will do more to encourage matrimony and benefit society than all the other banks in New York.

We copy from the New-York papers, this singular notice. It is believed that the charitable and humane disposition evinced by the advertisers, is calculated to raise that hitherto neglected class of society (we mean Bachelors!) in the estimation of the female sex! Their virtues have not been generally known or fully comprehended, or they never would have suffered as they have

in the opinions of the fair. May they go on and prosper—but not in single blessedness—they are worthy of a better condition. We hope the Bachelors in this city will follow this noble example.

The fourth person concerned in the murder of Mr. Bonnall, at Darby, who has escaped detection so long, it is supposed is now confined in the penitentiary at Baltimore, where he was arrested a day or two since, having in his possession a book which was identified as one belonging to the deceased. The Sheriff of Delaware county has gone down after him.

The late intelligence of the insurrection in Portugal, has been fully confirmed, by an arrival at Boston. The King's party have succeeded in restoring order, and have sent off the principal malcontent, the infant Don Miguel, in a frigate, on his travels. His conduct is palliated by his friends, who say he was induced to usurp the authority of the State at the instigation of a few adherents, who were actuated by jealousy and personal aggrandizement. This desperate affair went well nigh to overthrow the reigning King, and to establish on his ruins the ascendancy of the Queen and her party. It is satisfactory to know, however, that the affairs of Portugal are subsiding into a settled state, and that little apprehension may be entertained of another rupture shortly.

The season of heat, of languor, and relaxation, has arrived. Summer is with us, says the editor of the Charleston Courier, (and he ought to have included all places bordering on southern latitudes,) always a period of physical and moral uneasiness. The hot sun, the moist air, the noxious dew and vapour—are sources of much annoyance, to say nothing of the mosquitoes who sing as they torment us. The result of all these is, that we become dyspeptic and irritable, uneasy in ourselves and prone to take, and to give offence. That migration which instinct teaches birds, wisdom, in some cases, indicates to man. But men have not the faculties of birds: If we were obliged to find fault with the divine economy of the human construction, we object to the deficiency of wings. It would certainly benefit us, if we could fly from an unhealthy spot, ascend into a pure atmosphere, look down upon this groveling earth, and approach the crystal floors of heaven. If, with the velocity of a goose, for instance (the most sensible and the most scandalized bird,) we might exchange the regions of heat and cold, and flying with the rapidity of the wind, recognize, with topographical accuracy, every spot beneath us—to bathe to day in the gulph of Mexico, and repose to-morrow on the Catskill mountains. But these facilities are perhaps wisely denied us. It would take a long time, we confess, to bring a man with wings into fashion with people of taste. The costume of the ladies could be more in accordance with such an appendage. Neither of us, however, are likely to be favoured in this way; and we can not become lighter than we are, except, as Horace says, by patience, "levius patientia."

COMMUNICATION.

The communication signed "Amicus," in the American Daily Advertiser of the 1st instant, is almost without a parallel. Bad indeed must be that cause which can permit its abettors to resort to such unjust reflections for its support, as those contained in the Obituary to which I allude; and depraved must be the feeling that, whilst under the specious cloak of eulogizing the dead, can mingle in the stream of adulation a single epithet, or insinuation, that could possibly wound the tender sensibility of any. It, however, needs no comment: and as it savours strongly of mental inebriation, almost every one may see, that such intemperate spirits, if furnished with ample opportunity, will, according to the natural course of things, work in time their own cure.—Mark the perfect man, and behold the end of the forward and officious in every age.

COMMUNICATION

Messrs. Editors—The "Grand Literary Emporium" may boast of her mummies—the "Grand Commercial City" may tell us of the elegant walks in Broadway—the Battery, &c. &c. I will tell you that not a city in the Union can boast of handsomer walks than our "City of Brotherly Love." We have our Chestnut street, which is equal, if not superior, in my humble opinion, to Broadway—our Fair Mount works, where, on moon-light nights, crowds of our citizens repair from the fatigues of business, to enjoy the pure air which surrounds this place; and lastly, though not least, we may proudly boast of our State House Yard, which is now becoming a fashionable resort. Here the man of business can reflect upon his affairs—the lover tell his honourable tale—and the student meditate upon his studies. Whilst upon this subject, it may not be improper to mention, for the instruction of those who intend to resort thither, and to the basin, this season, that a few evenings since, a society was formed by a number of very respectable ladies and gentlemen, to be called the "Jew's Harp Club," the object of which is to serenade those who may honour these places with their visits. Although this name may appear to be a joke, yet, gentlemen, you may depend upon the truth of it. If you publish this, I may give you a particular account of the "Club" in my next.

A MEMBER.

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Editors—I have been in attendance at the Mayor's Court for some days past, and was forcibly struck by the apparent unconcern manifested by the prisoners at the bar. It tends, however, to show, to a very great extent, the moral turpitude and utter depravity of the human heart. The most frequent cases brought before the Court, are tipp'ing shop assaults and batteries, and petit larceny. I now ask any reasonable man, if, in his opinion, the persons who may be convicted are in any manner benefited by a conviction. I answer no: and to confirm this opinion, I will give one or two supposed cases: Here is a man brought forward for stealing a towel, or handkerchief—(two such cases have already occurred)—he is convicted, and sentenced to six or twelve months imprisonment. Again, I will suppose this to be his first offence; he

enters that school of vice, (the jail,) and as his time of service expires, becomes an accomplished scholar. Having finished his education, he sets up business for himself; in the course of a few days, he is found not to be quite so proficient as is necessary in such cases; he again goes to school! It is needless to give you any instances. The frequent cases of passing counterfeit money, calls loudly for the strict attention of our police. Several cases have been produced this Court, among which is that of Mr. Donna heugh, indicted for passing four counterfeit notes, namely, two 10, and one 50 dollar note, on the Mount Holly Bank, altered from 1 dollar; and one 10 dollar note on the Bank of Delaware, altered in the same manner.

The news from Lima is bad; but by a letter transmitted to me from young Mr. PAYSON, it appears not to be so unfavorable as at first represented. BOLIVAR is still at Truxillo, with near 13,000 men. The Royal forces are said by some to amount to about 23,000, though by others to not more than 10,000. The Franklin sailed in great haste, on receiving the news from Valparaiso to Callao, the seaport of Lima. Leave great confidence in BOLIVAR.

The Bachelor—The Bachelor, Between 1812 and 1813, was from Vauxhall Garden, New-York, and National Advertiser, in a most execrable manner, which is rather strong. The artist met with great applause and success, having about 200 persons inside the room, and 20,000 outside, who were highly gratified, & having cost them nothing, and they had a pleasant walk in the bargain.

Extract of a letter from Buenos Ayres, April 1.

"We have a new Governor here, General DON HERAS, a brave and faithful soldier, and worthy man."

"The news from Lima is bad; but by a letter transmitted to me from young Mr. PAYSON, it appears not to be so unfavorable as at first represented. BOLIVAR is still at Truxillo, with near 13,000 men. The Royal forces are said by some to amount to about 23,000, though by others to not more than 10,000. The Franklin sailed in great haste, on receiving the news from Valparaiso to Callao, the seaport of Lima. Leave great confidence in BOLIVAR.

MARRIED.

On the 31st ult. by Joseph Watson, Mayor, Mr. CHARLES CADWALLADER, Merchant, of Douglass, Bucks county, to Miss RACHEL SELLERS, Philadelphia.

On the 17th ult. at Monroeville, Philadelphia county, by Rev. Joseph H. Kennedy, Mr. JOHN MOORE to Miss MARY ANN KEY, both of Chester county.

On the 24th ult. at New-Castle, N. C. by the Rev. Mr. HENRY THOMAS ANSBURGH, of this city, to Miss MARY TIBER, daughter of Mr. Pandion T. Tibor, of the former place.

On Monday evening, the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. P. F. May, Mr. GEORGE C. GEYER, to Miss ANGELA J. HARRIS, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening, the 29th ult. by Tradit. Mr. SAMUEL ALEXANDER LOVE, to Miss MARGARET S. CAPEN, of the Northern Liberties.

On Thursday morning, the 30th ult. by Tradit. Mr. JOHN ROBERT F. MOULT, of New-York, to Miss MARY E. HESTON, of the former place.

On Friday evening, the 31st ult. by Tradit. Mr. RICHARD THOMPSON, Esq. late Consul for the United States at Canton, to Miss SARAH L. LAIR, widow of William Blair, in the 5th year of her age.

On Monday evening, the 28th June, after a lingering illness, Mrs. MARY TIERNEY, consort of Mr. Thomas Tierney, in the 35th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, the 29th ult. by Tradit. Mr. SAMUEL F. CONVERSE, M. D., in the 35th year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, the 29th ult. by Tradit. Mr. JOSEPH FALKNER, in the 34th year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, the 29th ult. after a lingering illness, Mrs. JOSEPH DESLIVRES, in the 40th year of her age.

On Monday, the 28th ult., aged 10 years, JOSEPH SCATERGOOR of the Northern Liberties, a Member of the Religious Society of Friends.

DIED.

On Wednesday, the 30th ult. Mr. JOSEPH W. LYNDALL, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 29th ult. after a lingering illness, Mrs. SARAH DAVIS, wife of John Davis, in the 35th year of her age.

On Saturday, the

